THE

# DISBANDED SUBALTERN:

AN

# EPISTLE

FROM

## THE CAMP AT LENHAM.

CEDUNT ARMA TOGÆ.

SECOND EDITION WITH ADDITIONS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# DISBANDED SUBALTERN.

HIGH o'er the drowſy camp with ſultry gleam
The mid-day ſun now ſheds his potent beam;
Beneath the ſhade his canvas roof ſupplies,
Stretch'd on clean ſtraw, the liſtleſs ſoldier lies
The weary files who form'd the laſt night's guard,
The ſweet embrace of ſleep no more debarr'd,
Challenge in dreams the wary midnight rounds
Or catch the watch-word's viſionary ſounds.
Now ſome adjuſt their burniſh'd arms with care,
Clean the tough belt, the well-worn coat repair,
And ſome beguile the ſultry length of day
With many a barren joke, or tuneleſs lay.

In quaint deriſion of the ſteady glance
Now moves the ſteamy ſoil with mimic dance;
Now languid Stillneſs holds her ſullen reign
O'er the white camp, and far-extended plain;
Save where ſome lad, whom Fate hath doom'd to ſhare
The ſavoury kitchen's hoſpitable care,
While the kind toil his reeking brows confeſs,
Bears to his comrade's tent the welcome meſs;
Save that, in yonder pool, which feeds the mill
Cloſe at the bottom of this tent-clad hill,
Their brawny limbs the ſun burnt ſoldiers lave,
And woo the bracing freſhneſs of the wave.

Some ſtripling fifer with diſcordant ſound
Now breaks the drowſy ſpell which lurks around;
Now gliding ſwift the mazy tents among,
Moves the Relief in meaſur'd ſteps along;
And now, while yet the fervour of the ray
Forbids the lounger's reſtleſs ſtep to ſtray,
My walls unhung, beneath my old marquee,
I give the vacant hour (my friend) to thee.

Too ſoon, alas! ſhall Peace, with liſtleſs ſmile,
Spread her white pinions o'er this hapleſs iſle,
While gaping crowds, who mark her hov'ring high,
Shall with applauding tumults rend the ſky.
Not ſo your friend---with grief oppreſs'd I ſee
That peace which ſmiles on many, frown on me,
Damp ev'ry pleaſure, ev'ry bliſs deſtroy,
And nip the budding bloſſom of my joy.

No longer now the well-brac'd drum ſhall cheer
With ſomething leſs than ſixty pounds a year,
For know, my friend, that unrelenting fate
Hath doom'd me to the toil which moſt I hate.
In me my partial guardians thought they ſaw
Sufficient ſober dullneſs for the law,
When the gay pomp of battle's proud array
With charms reſiſtleſs led my heart aſtray,
Yet ſtill (for,---dire effect of pale-ey'd peace!
This darling ſcene, this lov'd employ ſhall ceaſe)
From early youth inſtructed to fulfil
With due reſpect their well-debated will,

The mind rebellious muſt I frame to bear
This life of apathy, this load of care.

At Eve's approach no more the drums ſpruce band,
A well-clad corps, in mute ſuſpenſe ſhall ſtand;
No more the burſting thunder of the gun
Shall mark the moment of the ſetting ſun;
Wak'd by the deaf'ning call the drum no more
In cadence deep the lengthen'd ſtrain ſhall pour,
While the mix'd ſounds in one vaſt ſwell combine
With awful melody to float along the line.

Rouz'd by the briſk Reveillez early ſound
No more my ſteps ſhall print the dew-clad ground,
To trace the mild approach of ſober day,
Skirting yon ſummit with his mantle grey;
While from the vale, to cheer the doubtful morn,
The light-arm'd trooper winds his bugle horn,
And the diſdainful charger, neighing ſhrill,
His challenge anſwers, or derides his ſkill.

Fancy no more o'er Reaſon's loſt domain
In native wild magnificence ſhall reign;

With art which laughs at magic's ſimple wiles
Shall deck creation's face with ſweeter ſmiles;
Bid o'er the ſcene unwonted charms advance
Whoſe airy ſubſtance mocks the vulgar glance,
No more her ſlave ſhall boaſt her myſtic ſway,
And hold it proud diſtinction to obey.

The cold, and cautious eye muſt now behold
The grove's rich tints, the field of waving gold,
The quarry pointed, and the fallow grey,
With all the varied landſcape's rich array,
Their uſe with frigid apathy to ſcan,
Or weigh their profit to laborious man.

" Rous'd by the briſk Reveillez' early ſound
" No more my ſteps ſhall print the dew-clad ground;"
Thro' the dull pane the yellow morn ſhall peep,
And ſnatch me grateful from unhallow'd ſleep;
When riſing ſtupid from a reſtleſs bed,
With all a London fog around my head,
By gales, with kennel filth impregnate, fann'd,
My dreary ſteps ſhall trace the twilight Strand

To ſeek Aſtrea's fane, whoſe Gothic gate
Shakes on its hinges at the loud debate,
To take my ſtation at the wrangling bar,
And join the rob'd brigade in learned war.

Farewell the joys which mirth and wine afford,
And all the pleaſures of the feſtive board
Which to our eager claim the drum devotes
In ſage, preſcriptive, * emblematic notes.

The clock with four ſad ſolemn ſtrokes ſhall call
My liſtleſs footſteps to yon cold damp hall,
Whoſe pride-emblazon'd windows, richly dight,
Exclude the ſearching glare of tell-tale light,
Whoſe fretted roof, in intricacy wove,
Pourtrays the labyrinth her inmates love.

Farewel the friendly joke, which half reveal'd
An Enſign's blunder in the morning field,

What

* *Emblematic.*—The reſpective tunes of *Roaſt Beef*, *Peas upon a Trencher*, &c. have been, time out of mind, beat as the call to dinner.

What fair one's ſcorn contracts the Major's brow,
What nymph accepts the Doctor's uſeful vow;
Farewel thoſe manners, whoſe reſult combin'd
The well-dreſs'd perſon with the poliſh'd mind,
The temperate glaſs which friendly warmth improves,
The band ſelect whoſe known diſcretion moves
The feeling boy to toaſt the girl he loves.
Now from the ſweets of ſocial converſe caſt,
While wooden trenchers bear the triſt repaſt,
My frugal meſs ſhall three dull ſtrangers ſhare,
Gazing aſkaunt with caution's frigid air.

Can I, my friend, without regret behold
This crimſon'd ſcarlet, and this tarniſh'd gold?
Ev'n now my ſoul prophetic views the day,
When o'er this heath my partial ſteps ſhall ſtray,
Anxious, in pilgrimage devout, to trace
Each time-worn veſtige of this hallow'd place,
And penſive muſing, when, perhaps in vain,
I ſeek this much-lov'd ſpot to aſcertain,

Where many an hour has paſs'd in ſocial glee,
Where now I give the vacant hour to thee.
To former ſcenes ſhall memory fondly fly,
And each ſhall claim the tribute of a ſigh.

When former ſcenes ſhall riſe again to view,
And joys long-paſt their flatt'ring forms renew,
Say ſhall my ſoul the jovial march forget,
Or trace its pleaſures, but with fond regret?

When orient day firſt glimmers in the ſkies,
Wak'd by the General's lively call, we riſe,
And while with active vigour we prepare
To breaſt the keenneſs of the morning air,
The ſun-burnt ſoldier at an alehouſe door
Pays from his ſcanty purſe his laſt night's ſcore,
And, as his hoſt a parting draught beſtows,
The cumb'rous belt o'er his broad ſhoulder throws,
Adjuſts his knapſack, ſhakes his landlord's hand,
His muſket graſps, and takes his ſilent ſtand.

Now to the martial band's enliv'ning ſound,
In duely-meaſur'd ſteps we beat the ground;

But

But not unmindful of the window's height,
Which courts on either ſide the glancing ſight,
We paſs along---for there, all unarray'd,
Sweet as the morn, appears the lovely maid,
The well-adjuſted curtain half reveals
Thoſe charms which yet no cruel robe conceals,
For at the drum's rude ſound ſhe left her bed,
By punctual love, or idle fancy led,
Perhaps her eyes, with vacant pleaſure ſtray
O'er the long files in martial ſplendour gay,
Perhaps ſhe ſeeks, repentant, to renew,
With kinder token the laſt night's adieu.

Up the ſteep hill, or through the drizzly grove,
Or clayey vale, with ſturdy ſtep, we move,
While jocund as the party winds along,
Burſts the loud laugh, or ſwells the chearful ſong.

Can I forget, with emulation fir'd,
When my ſteps led them, and my mirth inſpir'd,
How the men ſtrove, with tale or carrol gay,
To ſmooth the deſtin'd labour of the way,

Proud to divert, and grateful to my care,
How oft they vied th' approving laugh to ſhare,
While the joke feign'd to ſeek a comrade's ear
Was juſt told loud enough for me to hear?

See, o'er yon brow, the goal of our deſires
At ev'ry ſtep extend its length'ning ſpires,
While youth and age, the trader and the clown,
Sally to meet us from the deſert town;
While many a lovely maiden trips along,
(Theme of the mercer's toaſt, or curate's ſong,)
And hailing our approach with chearful ſmiles,
Glances inſpiring ardour through the files.

Full many a furlong have I trac'd unſeen
The comely ſerjeant's military mien,
His port erect, his firm, commanding air,
The hoary honours of the well-club'd hair,
His furr-coned helmet worn with ſtudied grace,
The plumage waving o'er his burniſh'd face,
The well-clean'd belts which croſs'd his ample breaſt,
His ſtrutting chitterlin, and ſnowy veſt,

Sweets which alone the wedded ſoldier proves,
The darling labour of the girl he loves.
When (as we march'd the gazing crowd among)
He caught th' applauding murmurs of the throng,
I ſaw his mien elate with honeſt pride,
I ſaw him woo the glance from ſide to ſide,
With more expreſſive note his ready feet
Reſponſive echo'd the drum's chearful beat,
Stern glanc'd his eye, full roſe his ſwelling cheſt,
And all the martial coxcomb ſtood confeſt.

In times of yore, when laden with renown,
Our war-worn Knights, within their native town,
Heard with due praiſe their martial proweſs told,
And liv'd in liberal ſplendour uncontroll'd,
Where yon old manſion opes its friendly gate
Sir Arthur dwelt in hoſpitable ſtate,
There the ſirloin his Sunday table crown'd,
There flow'd his mead in copious draughts around.

In the rude majeſty of many years
Its front immenſe the wild old ſtructure rears,

But,

But, fall'n its pride! the ſable clouds which riſe,
Curling their ſpiral eddies to the ſkies,
The balluſtrade which o'er the portal bends,
The branching ſign which o'er the ſtreet extends,
The crowded gate, the bar-bell's tinkling din,
In union kind proclaim the welcome inn.
The laden ſoldier hears that word at laſt
Which ſpeaks the labour of the morning paſt,
While his quick ſtep and bright'ning eye confeſs
Th' anticipation of a ſavoury meſs.
The ſervant now, to chalk his maſter's door,
Springs o'er the crazy gallery's bending floor;
The roſy landlord, with demeanour big,
Adjuſts the ſilver honours of his wig,
That wig curtail'd by ſly diſplay to deck
The well-contraſted collops of his neck;
The buſy bar with ſpeed he now forſakes,
And his high ſtation at the window takes,
Whence, while the proffer'd Colours claim his care,
He courts the ſacred truſt with conſcious air.

Bearing at ev'ry ſteps increaſing toil
An added weight from ev'ry varied ſoil,
As on the ſoldier plods his ſteady track,
With all his little fortune at his back,
His hopes to comfortable quarters ſtray
And an auſpicious billet cheers him on his way.

Say then my friend, when, all his labour paſt,
His weary limbs foretaſte repoſe at laſt,
Shall his juſt claim to that repoſe ſubſide
Spurn'd by ſome offic'd churl's unfeeling pride?
Shall the long files in cheerleſs order wait
Fatigued and faint the ruffian's lazy ſtate?

We both have felt, when pregnant clouds have ſhed
Their chilling drops around the ſoldier's head,
And clos'd with icy touch each moiſten'd pore
Which genial labour had unlock'd before,
Curſing the vile mechanic's proud delay,
O'er our warm limbs the freezing current ſtray,
For many a cheerleſs moment have we felt
The double preſſure of the clammy belt,

The cold rain beating on the glowing face,
The clinging garment's comfortleſs embrace,
Th' elaſtic ſinew ſtretched, the ſwelling vein,
The fretting gall, the new diſcover'd ſtrain,
And ev'ry ſtiffen'd joint's diſabling pain.

This have we felt and felt that pain like this
Was but a prelude to that hour of bliſs.
When Leiſure, doubly welcom'd, crowns the board,
Where cheering Plenty ſpreads her ſweeteſt hoard.

Ah! ſoothing pair why fly ye far away
When woo'd to bleſs the ſoldier's labour'd day,
With grief he ſees the beating tempeſt ſpoil,
The pride inſpiring fruits of former toil!
His neat attire bereft of all it's charms,
The mottled ſtain which blots his poliſh'd arms;
Hide leiſure's fairy features from his view,
And bid his former toil exiſt anew,
No banquets rich recruits his ſtrength ſubdued,
His proudeſt claim is coarſe, if wholeſome food.

Bliſs to the man whoſe delegated pow'r,
Is doom'd to ſoften this diſaſtrous hour;
If with kind haſte and ſympathetic care
He ſoothes thoſe ills his ſocial feelings ſhare.
Bliſs to the hoſt whoſe philanthropic breaſt
Glows to behold the way-worn ſoldier bleſt;
Who decks with liberal hand the welcome board,
Nor weighs the means his ſcanty gains afford.
The grateful act his beſt reward ſhall prove,
Good men ſhall honour him, and thou ſhalt love.

Long has the ſoldier claim'd in thee his friend,
Long known thy gen'rous zeal his right's defend,
And long has own'd that ſympathetic care
Which never urg'd the toil thou didſt not ſhare;
What tho' thy ſarcaſm oft has rent the veil,
Of filmy texture from his plann'd detail;
Driv'n him from ev'ry ſubterfuge away
To ev'ry comrade's clumſey mirth a prey;
If ſmall the failure, thro' his wounded pride,
That mirth alone correction due ſupplied;

Bound to the ſoldier by a ſoul ſincere,
Intrepid, active, ſudden, ſkill'd and clear,
Thou haſt not ſcorn'd, degrading tho' the fight,
To face the recreant who hath ſpurn'd his right.

For I have mark'd thy boſom's ſtifled flame
When inſult ſcowl'd upon his little claim,
While rage and pity have uſurp'd by turns
That manly heart which bleeds at once and burns;
Yet with unruffled eaſe and aſpect gay,
Where prudent calmneſs ſeem'd alone to play,
Well haſt thou ſtrove in wiſdom's cleareſt ſtrain
With calm reproof to check thy friend's diſdain;
But all was ſtrange diſguiſe aſſum'd alone,
To make, by gen'rous fraud, the broil thine own;
For when the pamper'd hoſt with low-born pride
Hath dar'd the ſoldier's ſufferings to deride,
To point inſulting to his half-roof'd ſhed
His rancid food and ſleep forbidding bed;
Has dar'd thoſe futile taxes to deplore
In ſcorn of which he boaſts a princely ſtore,

And

And ſwol'n with wealth arraign in ranc'rous hate,
The ſcarlet caterpillars of the ſtate.
Then! when his impious tongue hath dar'd defame
The mighty honours of a ſoldier's name,
Thy calmneſs fled, thy form began to wear
An added ſtature, and a loftier air;
Pride which I love, diſcriminator nice!
Pride honour's ſentry, much miſnam'd a vice,
Wreath'd thy bare brow, the glow of honeſt ire,
Shed from thy piercing eye unwonted fire;
Thy recreant foe a maſs of baſe allay
Owns the ſtrong influence of the vivid ray,
And as it's beams the worthleſs compound croſs,
Dwindles and ſhrinks into his native droſs.

Need I relate what various pleaſures crown
The liſtleſs ſaunter round the buſy town.
When dreſs her all-reviving power beſtows,
And ev'ry wearied limb it's load foregoes,
When langour checks no more the careleſs tongue,
And every ſhatter'd nerve is newly ſtrung,

ger to cheat an anxious hour of faſt,
The doom'd forerunner of our wiſh'd repaſt,
Nor void of hope the far fam'd toaſt to meet
With lounging ſtep we trace ſome unknown ſtreet,
With heart unconſcious, but attentive eye,
Returning careleſs, as we paſs her by,
The lovely milliner's habitual wile,
Her ogle tranſient, or ſpontaneous ſmile.

Our homely dinner careleſs health approves,
And appetite, ſtern labour's offspring, loves,
And oft the twice-told ſtories of the day
The circling flaſk's progreſſive courſe delay.

At length in ſleep's refreſhing arms we find
That balmy reſt which woos the vacant mind,
Where toil beſtows a ſlumber ſo profound
It ſtarts reluctant at the Troop's rude ſound.

Theſe ſcenes (too ſoon to ceaſe!) whoſe magic pow'r
On mirth's light pinions lifts the fleeting hour,
E'en when my ſoul ſhall have forgot to feel,
Shall o'er my torpid breaſt in pity ſteal,

And kindly bid me know, before I die,
The luxury of one remaining ſigh.

While thus, my friend, in artleſs rhyme I ſing
What fond regret from former joys ſhall ſpring,
Deem not I range in fancy's wilds alone;
Another's feelings juſtify my own.

You knew Tennaile who occupied of late
The ſnug brick houſe which fronts our paddock gate,
The beſt of Kings hath mark'd his ſoldier's claim,
And amply recompens'd his martial fame,
And now that ſcene of many a frolic gay,
His former dwelling, owns another's ſway.

The veteran's venerable form you knew,
His clime-chang'd countenance, and ſlender queue,
His golden brow with ſilver treſſes fring'd,
His cheek with vigour's parting bluſhes ting'd,
His eye where ſtill youth's wav'ring blaze remain'd,
The darling ſcar which ſtill his lip retain'd,
That beaver which from fields of deathleſs fame
Had borne its princely maſter's honour'd name, *

* The Cumberland hat.

His

Sunday waiſtcoat, which of yore
A well-diſputed day he wore.
Have you miſs'd, in martial order plac'd
The trophied arms which erſt his parlour grac'd.

Oft have I ſtol'n from home a truant boy
To hear of Dettingen, and Fontenoy,
Of artful ambuſcades, of ſtern alarms,
And proweſs highly-fam'd in deeds of arms,
While the lime-punch, or juſtly-boaſted ale,
At ſtated intervals have croſs'd the tale.

Now ſadly glancing on his votive ſword,
(While rebel feeling check'd the riſing word)
Thus would he ſay, " Till all-ſubduing death
" Shall claim the tribute of my lateſt breath,
" Ne'er ſhall my ſoul forget the fatal hour
" When the hard hand of unrelenting power
" Sign'd an obdurate order to diſband,
" And drove me wretched from rever'd command.

" I love the vacant heart which mocks at toil,
" And welcomes danger with a careleſs ſmile,

" Whoſe

" Whoſe roar of laughter ſpurns dull wiſdom's law,
" And finds its frequent object in a ſtraw.
" Such one poſſeſs'd the files which once I led,
" Such the brave friends with whom I fought and bled.
" How ſtrong the chain which mutual peril binds,
" (Tho' ſoft it's ſhackles preſs) o'er ſocial minds!
" How warm the love a good commander ſhares
" Who courts diſtinction by the toil he bears!

" E'en now I feel that mute reſpect impart
" Its wonted joys, which ſpringing from the heart
" Sits in the corner of the watchful eye
" To hail the lov'd commander paſſing by:
" For ſuch diſplay'd the files which once I led,
" Such the brave friends with whom I fought and bled.
" I ſaw thoſe friends in fruitleſs ſorrow mourn,
" From mirth, ſociety, ſubſiſtence torn;
" Their mien no more diſplay'd war's dreadful charms,
" In fallen plight they pil'd their long-lov'd arms.

" When on the morning of that fatal day
" Doom'd the degrading pageant to diſplay,

" The gaudy Band with countenance diſmay'd
" Stood ready form'd upon their laſt parade,
" And the neat drummers waited the command.
" Their eyes intent upon their Major's hand;
" On my ſpontoon in liſtleſs mood reclin'd,
" I woo'd the grief which ſooth'd my ſadden'd mind
" The laſt ſad troop beat off---the mournful roll
" Burſt like a torrent o'er my torpid ſoul;
" The cheerleſs fife in melancholy ſwell
" Sung to my heart oppreſt a ſad farewell:
" The briſk ſalute all-anxious to diſplay
" When the reſpectful centry thwarts my way,
" His care unnotic'd may I turn aſide,
" And wound with cold neglect his honeſt pride,
" If the laſt cadence of a ſound ſo dear
" Had not diſgrac'd me with a coward tear,
" But that the ſoldier ſwelling in my breaſt,
" In painful victory that tear repreſs'd.

Our veteran thus---and while a tranſient glow
Hail'd his paſt joy, or mourn'd his former woe,

(Fir'd

(Fir'd with his ardour, check'd with his diſmay,
Sad when he ſorrow'd, with his pleaſure gay,)
A young enthuſiaſt, of untemper'd zeal,
I taught my reſtleſs ſoul with his to feel;
For Fancy then diſplay'd her wily charms,
And frequent woo'd me to her Syren arms;
And Fancy ſtill, all-anxious to deceive,
With ſpecious art endears thoſe ſcenes I leave;
But while her all-ſeducing lay ſhe ſings,
Or wafts me heedleſs on Icarian wings,
A matron, grave, yet mild, ſerene, yet gay,
With unimpaſſion'd accent ſeems to ſay.
" Submit, fond youth, to Reaſon's ſober rule,
" And weigh the maxims of her honeſt ſchool.

" What tho' thy ſteps the fabler Fancy lead
" Thro' twilight grove, or flow'r-beſpangled mead,
" Where to the tawny cliff the woodbine clings,
" Where brawls the brook, or where the linnet ſings,
" Where it's brown breaſt the barren heath uprears,
" Where the lone tow'r in gloomy ſtate appears,

" Where,

" Where, on the ſhapeleſs mountain's ſhaggy ſide,
" Vaſt clouds in magic-varied volumes ride;
" While Sloth delights to clothe the rolling ſt rm,
" With many a wayward, wild, fantaſtic form:
" Yet, yet her lov'd ſociety forego,
" Her charms betray to indolence, and woe,
" And with her dwells Diſguſt, with fated eye,
" Born of the baffled hope which ſoar'd too high:
" Led by her wiles the bubbled mind purſues
" Ideal objects, and chimeric views,
" And ſcowls with all the peeviſh pride of ſpleen
" On common life's cold, trifling, taſteleſs ſcene;
" Yet, as (enfeebled by her ſyren ſtrain)
" It ſhrinks from labour's ſalutary pain,
" That ſcene deſpis'd ſhall croſs it's liſtleſs hours,
" And boldly claim it's unexerted powers;
" For learn this truth by care-worn Sloth confeſt,
" Who knows not toil, can never taſte of reſt.

" The partial retroſpect no more purſue,
" Which the fair fabler offers to thy view,

" No

" No more in idle dreams of airy joy,
" Deſtin'd to nobler ends, thy time employ,
" Aſſume the robe, the ſage decrees explore,
" Turn with due care the nightly volume o'er,
" The heavy curſe of indolence forego,
" And all it's ſad variety of woe.

Sage is the counſel! with attentive ear,
And due reſpect, each well-weigh'd word I hear;
And thou dear image, who with ceaſeleſs pow'r
Preſid'ſt ſupreme o'er ev'ry vacant hour,
Who, when the taper's half-extinguiſh'd fire
From ſcenes of diſſipation bids retire,
Deign'ſt on my pillow thy ſad vigil keep,
And claim one dear, tho' painful, hour from ſleep;
Who 'ere the morn her fainteſt gleam beſtows,
Diſpell'ſt the remnant of diſturb'd repoſe,
O give to Reaſon's voice redoubled force,
And urge my ſteps in labour's ſtraining courſe:
Come with that form, where I was wont to trace
Spontaneous elegance, and active grace;

[illegible unconscious ray,
[illegible to play;
[illegible to my light that heav'nly mien display'd,
[illegible] native truth, and artleſs ſenſe pervade,
Where the mild beams of melting pity ſhine,
Where courage, ſoftneſs, mirth, and thought combine,
To mend with glowing touch cold beauty's line;
And with that voice which ſtill I ſeem to hear,
(Though long the ſpace ſince laſt it bleſt my ear!)
In gentleſt accents tell me, that when Fate
Shall crown my toil with pow'r, with wealth, and ſtate,
My vows perhaps may leſs unworthy prove
The maid whoſe angel form in thee I love;
Say that the cruel doubts which now ſurround
My care-worn heart, in tranſport ſhall be drown'd,
That doom'd no more, within my tortur'd breaſt,
To hide the mining pang which murders reſt,
My haughty ſoul ſhall to the world proclaim
That taſte in love, which to profeſs is fame.

*F I N I S.*

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